

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 10s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 17.—VOL. XXIV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

COETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

LXXXVIII.

Art thou in earnest? No longer delay, but render me happy.
Art thou in jest? Then, love, we have had jesting enough.

N. D.

MEYERBEER'S "PROPHETE."

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday, April 25.—The new opera, *Le Prophète*, produced on the 16th inst., was repeated on the 18th and 20th; to-night will be the fourth representation. On Monday, there was no performance, owing to a slight indisposition of Pauline Viardot. The Parisian press is unanimously in favor of the new work of Meyerbeer. The most remarkable notices are those of Berlioz, in the *Débats*, Adolphe Adam in the *Constitutionnel*, Louis Desnoyers in the *Siccle*, Gustave Hequet in the *National*, Theophile Gautier in the *Presse*, Fetis Père in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, Ed. Thierry in the *L'Assemblée Nationale*, Theodore Anne in the *Union*, Fiorentino in the *Corsaire*, G. Bousquet in the *Illustration*, which also publishes portraits of Meyerbeer, Roger, and Viardot. There are, also, equally laudatory articles in the *Charivari*, *La Patrie*, *Temps*, *Opinion*, *Messager des Théâtres*, *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, *Ménestrel*, *Galignani*, *Courrier Français*, *Gazette de France*, &c. That the opera is a great hit, is further proved by the letting, for not a place is to be had for nights to come. My conviction is, that the *Prophète* is Meyerbeer's greatest work. To appreciate its value, we must take into consideration, 1st, the poem; 2ndly, the music; 3rdly, the *mise en scène*; 4thly, the execution.

The poem is by Scribe, who, at the head of his libretto, quotes extracts from Voltaire's "*Essai sur les Mœurs*," respecting the atrocities perpetrated by the Anabaptists, in the 16th century. In Milner's Church history, we find the annexed account of the origin of this sect:—

"Thomas Muncer, or, as he is sometimes called, Muntza, was a fanatic, who, in the early part of the sixteenth century, rendered himself, for a while, extremely formidable in Germany by his enthusiasm, and the atrocities to which it led. The place of his birth has been variously stated to be Zwickan, in Mesnia, and Stolberg, in the Hartz; it is certain, however, that the latter was the scene of his first appearance in public life, after he had quitted the University of Wittenberg. From being a convert to Lutheranism, he suddenly turned round, declaiming with great violence against the reformed church; and, in conjunction with one Nicholas Stork, a half-crazy Anabaptist, not only preached up the necessity of being re-baptised naked, and the practice of the greatest austerities, but the community

of goods, and the abolition of all distinctions and temporalities as contrary to the word of God and the law of Nature. His disciples increasing to the number of nearly 40,000, he put himself at their head, and prepared to reduce his principles to practice by summoning all the powers of Germany to abdicate their thrones, and plundering all the buildings, ecclesiastical and civil, which lay in his line of march. The Landgrave of Hesse at length proceeded against him with a strong force, and putting him to the route, with the loss of 7000 of his deluded followers (to whom he had prophesied a complete victory), chased him to Franchhausen, where he took him prisoner, and executed him shortly after at Mulhausen, in 1526."

Scribe has not selected the originators of the above sect for the heroes of his present drama. He has chosen the period of nine years after the events recorded in the above extract, an account of which is given in "Historical Sketches of Imposture, Deception, and Credulity," which we subjoin:—

"In 1534, John Matheas, of Harlem, and John Brecond, who from his birthplace being Leyden, is generally known as John of Leyden, at the head of their followers, among the most conspicuous of whom, were Knipperdolling and Bernard Rothman, a celebrated preacher, succeeded in making themselves masters of the city of Munster. Though Matheas was originally a baker, and the latter a journeyman tailor, they were unquestionably men of great courage and ability. As soon as they were in possession of the place, the authority was assumed by Matheas, equality and a community of goods were established, and the name of Munster was changed to that of Mount Zion. The city was soon besieged by its bishop, Count Waldeck. Matheas, who had hitherto displayed considerable skill in his military preparations, now took a step which proved that his reason had wholly deserted him. He determined, in imitation of Gideon, to go forth with only 30 men and overthrow the besieging host. Of course he and his associates perished. John of Leyden now became the principal leader. To establish his authority, he pretended to fall into a trance, and have visions. Among the revelations made to him were, that he was to appoint twelve elders of the people, similar to those of the twelve Hebrew tribes, and that the laws of marriage were to be changed, each person being henceforth at liberty to marry as many wives as he chose. Of the latter permission he availed himself to the extent of three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matheas. A new prophet now started up, who was a watchmaker by trade. Charged, as he pretended, with a mission from above, he gathered round him a multitude, and announced it to be the will of heaven, that John of Leyden should be crowned king of all the earth, and should march at the head of an army to put down princes and unbelievers. John was accordingly enthroned, and, decked in royal ornaments; he held his court in an open part of the city. Among his first acts of sovereignty appears to have been the despatching, in pursuance of a celestial order, twenty-eight missionaries, to spread the doctrines of his sect through the

four quarters of the globe. The twenty-eight apostles were readily found, and they proceeded to execute his orders. Of these unfortunate enthusiasts, all but one endured tortures and death. The Bishop had by this time increased his force to an extent which enabled him to hold the city completely blockaded. The citizens suffered dreadfully from famine and disease; but John of Leyden lost not one jot of his confidence. One of his wives having incautiously expressed her sympathy for the sufferers, was instantly punished by being beheaded, and her death was celebrated by the multitude with singing and dancing. During all this time, John of Leyden displayed a degree of firmness, vigilance, and prudence in guarding against the enemy, which did credit to his abilities. Till nearly the end of June, 1535, he contrived to hold the blockading army at bay. But the end of his reign was now approaching. Two fugitives gave the Bishop information of a vulnerable point; and on the 24th of June a band of picked soldiers effected an entrance into the city. A desperate struggle ensued, and the king and his partisans fought with such desperate courage, that the assailants were on the very verge of defeat, when they contrived to open a gate and admit the troops from without the walls. Resistance was speedily subdued by overwhelming numbers. Rothman was fortunate enough to fall by the sword; but John of Leyden, Knipperdolling, and another of the leaders, were taken, and died in the most barbarous torments: their flesh was torn from their bones by burning pincers, and their mangled remains were hung up in iron cages."

We may add to the above sketch of John of Leyden's history, that his portrait is to be seen to this day at Munster, and that every year there is a procession in that city, to commemorate his defeat by the Bishop of the diocese.

Scribe has not been so fortunate in his present libretto as in *Robert le Diable* and *Huguenots*. Let us first give a rapid analysis of his drama. The first act passes near the environs of Dordrecht, Holland; the castle of the Count d'Oberthal is seen on the right, and a Dutch landscape, à la Cuypp, completes the picture. The peasants are enjoying repose after the day's rustic labours, and Berthe, "*des filles de Dordrecht, la plus gentille*," is the happiest of the happy, for Fidès, the mother of John of Leyden, arrives to take her home to be married. Whilst Berthe enters the Chateau, to ask of the Lord of the Manor, whose vassal she is, his consent to her union, arrive three solemn-looking personages, dressed in black, singing a chant.

"Sterum ad salutores undas,
Ad nos, in nomine Dei
Ad nos, vanete populi."

These three men are Zacharie, Jonas, and Mathesan, three Anabaptist preachers, seeking to stir up the people in Holland, to revolt against the landed proprietors, and promising the peasants possession of the *chateaux*, with abolition of tithes and taxes, as the reward of their insurrection. *Nihil novi sub sole*. The Dutch mobocracy listen to the Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, and Considerant of the sixteenth century, and cry out "*Aux armes! Au martyr! Marchons! Marchons! Vaincre ou mourir!*" The Count's opportune entrance checks the ardour of the peasantry, and the three Anabaptists are rather discomfited when his lordship recognises Jonas, his former butler, dismissed for not respecting the laws of *meum et tuum*, in respect to the wives. The Anabaptists are, however, enabled to renew their intrigues, by the Count's refusal to allow Berthe to marry John, and not only does he refuse, but, exercising his feudal rights, seizes her on his own

account, and drags away John of Leyden's mother at the same time. The lugubrious strains of the three Anabaptists are then again heard as the scene closes on the third act, for the curtain does not fall. It is in the inn of John of Leyden, that the second act passes. He is anxiously expecting his mother's return with his destined bride, when the three Anabaptists enter, and, struck with his likeness to a portrait of King David, in the cathedral of Munster, and finding that he is of an exalted turn of mind, given to prophetic visions, they seek to render him their instrument, to disseminate their notions of Anabaptism in general, and communism in particular. John of Leyden is, however, love-sick, and albeit ambitious, is not in the vein to be a prophet whilst he is a bridegroom; but when Berthe, who has escaped from the Count's clutches, takes refuge in his inn, and the soldiers are about to execute his mother unless he gives up Berthe, his filial feelings prompt him to resign her, and then he joins the three Anabaptists, in order to have his revenge on the lord and the feudal system, resigning his home, his mother, and friends, to carry out his purpose. These two acts serve, in point of fact, as the prologue, or introduction. Berthe loses her intended—Fidès equally is deprived of her son, who quits Leyden for Germany, leaving no traces of his whereabouts; and the innkeeper, thus robbed of his bride, and driven from his home, is ready to be the tool of the three Anabaptists for their fanatical ends. When we come to the third act, the Anabaptists are victorious, and are besieging Munster, with John of Leyden as their Prophet-Chief. He relents at the scenes of horror committed by his followers, but learning from the Count, who is made prisoner, that Berthe had again escaped from his lordship's hands, and was at Munster, he attacks the town. Whilst the Anabaptists are in camp, in the midst of winter, occur the dances. The third act is, in fact, an episode, and is deficient in interest, dramatically speaking.

The fourth act, however, is one series of dramatic effects, from the opening in the streets of Munster, in which the affrighted citizens express their horror of the Anabaptist rule, to the coronation of the Prophet in the cathedral, in which a mendicant woman is recognized as the mother of the anointed king. The scene in which Fidès, who has imagined her son to be no more, identifies in the crowned Prophet John of Leyden, is one of the most intensely interesting ever witnessed in any drama. His denial of her, his imploring looks for her to disown him, fearing the vengeance of his followers if they believe him to be a mortal, and the maternal feelings of Fidès prompting her to comply with his request, form an *ensemble* of overpowering effect.

In the last act Fidès, in her prison, to which she has been consigned by the three Anabaptists, asserts her maternal authority and shames her son. He is overwhelmed with remorse, and is eager to fly from the scenes of fanatical disorder in Munster, when Bertha enters, and is horrorstruck at the discovery that the Prophet is the true John of Leyden. In these two last acts the skill of the dramatist has been very remarkable. In the cathedral Fidès unconsciously curses her own son; as the Prophet he has destroyed her son; and in the first scene Berthe bestows her malediction on the Prophet equally, as the destroyer of John of Leyden. Thus, rejected on all sides, the false Prophet, in the last scene, resolves to perish, and to immolate at the same time the three Anabaptists, who are the first to betray him into the hands of the Emperor's troops. Setting fire to combustibles under the flooring of the banquet-hall of the palace, he sings an air of revelry, whilst the smoke ascends, and the fire destroys the

edifice, his mother rushing in at the final explosion to share the fate of her still loved son.

The situations in the poem I consider to be less favourable to the composer than those of the *Huguenots* and *Roberto*; but he has proved his genius to be fully equal to the disadvantageous nature of his subject. But it is now the moment to afford some notions of Meyerbeer's

MUSIC.

It is deeply to be regretted that, yielding to managerial exigencies, Meyerbeer has omitted an overture which he had composed for the *Prophète*, but he has reserved, fortunately, the grand event for the Royal Italian Opera. A march and a chorus of women have also been left out; but these pieces are to be executed at one of the *Conservatoire* concerts. There are upwards of thirty pieces of music in the *Prophète*, which I have ventured to classify, having no score to refer to, after my own fashion. No. 1, the opening chorus, "La Brise est muette," is curious for its piquant orchestration. No. 2 is a cavatina for M^{me}. Castellan (Berthe), "Un espoir, une pensée," of the bravura kind. No. 3 is the chaunt of the three Anabaptists (Levasseur, Gueymard, and Cuzet), a Gregorian, which is wonderfully worked into the chorus of peasants. No. 4, "Ils ont raison,—écoutez bien." No. 5 is a romance à deux voix, "Un jour dans les flots de la Meuse," a charming composition, deliciously sung by Viardot and Castellan. No. 6 is the finale of the first act, in which the Anabaptist chaunt is skilfully interwoven. Act the second begins with a pretty waltz and chorus, No. 7. No. 8 is the grand *scena* of John of Leyden, "Tous les vastes orceaux," descriptive of his vision,—a superb conception, and scored with marvellous skill; the *motif* of the chorus in the coronation scene is brought in beautifully, and the varied forms of expression on the words "Mundit" and "Clemence" are beyond all praise. This masterly *scena* is followed by a romance, No. 9, "Il est un plus doux empire," sung by John of Leyden. After a concerted piece (No. 10), while Berthe is being given up to the soldiers, comes No. 11, a cavatina, "Ta pauvre Mère," divinely sung by Viardot. No. 12 is a quatuor finale of the second act, sung by John of Leyden and the three Anabaptists. Act III. begins with a chorus of soldiers and prisoners (No. 13),—a vigorous and characteristic piece. To this succeeds a bass air (No. 14), which Levasseur did not sing well. No. 15 is a chorus, "Voici les Laitières," and then follow the dances: a *Redowa Pas*, by Plunkett and Pétipa; the *Quadrille of Skaters* and a *Pas de Galop*, by Robert and Theodore. No. 16 is a buffo trio, sung by Levasseur, Bremond, and Gueymard—one of the most popular pieces of the opera—very quaint, gay, and original. After a concerted piece (No. 17) is a chorus of soldiers, "Trahis! trahis!" and then is a prayer for the tenor (No. 19), "Seigneur, qui vois notre foiblesse." No. 20 is the finale, the "Hymn of triumph," sung by John of Leyden and chorus. Act IV. opens with a chorus of citizens, "Courbons notre tête." No. 21 is very descriptive in character. A pathetic romance (No. 22), "Donnez pour une pauvre me," for Viardot, follows. No. 23 is an impassioned duo between Castellan and Viardot, "Pour gardez à ton fils." No. 24 is the march and chorus, with the air of Fides interwoven—a superb piece of writing. No. 25 is the chorus, "Domine salvum fac regem prophetam;" and then is the finale of this incomparable act, "Jean tu, regneras," with the scene between Viardot and Roger, of the recognition and repudiation. Act V. begins with No. 27—a cavatina, or rather grand *scena* for Viardot—"Mon cœur est désarmé," succeeded by the duo No. 28, "Ma mère," between her and

Roger, and the trio, No. 29, "Voici le souterrain," with the addition of Castellan. No. 30 is the chorus, "Hourra! hourra! gloire au Prophète," and No. 31 the Brindisi of John of Leyden, "Versez-que tout respire."

The music of the last two acts is quite equal, if not superior to any former works of Meyerbeer. The impress of his school and of his originality is manifested from first to last: it is the very picture of the fanatical epoch of which it treats.

THE MISE EN SCENE.

This is worthy of the most glorious days of the *Académie Royale*. The winter scene is well managed; the mists over the city of Munster, with the rising of the sun, are quite dioramic in effect. The street in Munster, and the perspective of the interior of the cathedral, may be cited as highly clever works of art; and the last scene of the conflagration is capitally contrived. The rising of the smoke, and the progress of the flames prior to the explosion, are very well managed. The costumes of the age are correct and picturesque.

THE EXECUTION.

This mainly depends on the acting and singing of Viardot and Roger. The *Musical World* has already given Meyerbeer's testimonial for the sister of Malibran. Nothing that I have ever seen in my time has surpassed the sublimity of Viardot's histrionic powers in the last two acts. Her execution of the grand scene in the last act is a wondrous specimen of her vocal ability. Roger has displayed tact, finesse, and intelligence in his delineation of the Prophet-King. The three Anabaptists are not so well sustained as could be desired. Marini, Massol, and Polonini, to whom Meyerbeer has assigned the parts at the Royal Italian Opera, will surely illustrate the fierce and fanatical attributes of the Anabaptist leaders more strongly. Madame Castellan looks the character of Berthe exceedingly well, but it is almost to be regretted that the part was not rendered more prominent. G.

PARIS, Thursday Night. — The fourth representation of Meyerbeer's *Prophète* took place last night, at the *Théâtre de l'Opéra*. It was the largest receipt which has been known for years; so it is evident that the public will bestow liberal patronage on the production. Viardot was sublime. Never was histrionic and musical genius combined more strongly than in her delineation of Fides: the alternate use she makes of her contralto and soprano notes, is wonderful. In the bravura cadenzas in her *scena* in the last act, she quite electrified both band and auditory; the applause was deafening for minutes; a final shake on the upper notes was surpassingly fine.

Mr. Harris, who manages the spectacle department, is now in Paris, having been sent by Mr. Beale, the director of the Royal Italian Opera, to procure the *mise en scene*, preparatory to its production at Covent Garden. Mario is expected daily to hear the opera: he will be the *Prophète* in the London cast, Viardot being the Fides. The translation is in active progress, under the composer's direction. With Marini, Massol, and Polonini for the three Anabaptists, Tagliafico as the Count, and Miss Hayes as Berthe (for I do not think the part is in Gris's register), a magnificent execution may be looked for.

M^{me}. Pleyel, with Batta, the violoncellist, give a concert here on Saturday.

You will be glad to learn that the genius of Berlioz has been acknowledged by the *Conservatoire*, which at the seventh concert introduced in its programme gleanings from the *Faust*. This act of tardy justice has given great satisfaction in the musical circles.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SINCE the days of Master Betty, who, for a time, pushed John Kemble from his pride of place, the caprice of John Bull has never been so curiously manifested as in the instance of the Swedish Nightingale. The history of the art presents nothing more extraordinary, more unaccountable, than the adulation paid to Jenny Lind. When we remember the triumphs of Catalani, Pasta, and Malibran, the three mighty queens of song, about whom there was no difference of opinion, and know that these did not, by many degrees, approach the ovations of the "Nightingale," about whom there are differences of opinion as far asunder as the poles; when we call to mind the days of Rubini, the greatest and most popular tenor who ever came to this country, Grisi, Tamburini and Lablache, the wondrous quartet, in the zenith of their popularity, and remember that their united efforts did not create a tithe of the sensation Jenny Lind's single appearance effects: when we know that in her own country Jenny Lind is considered an artist inferior to Pauline Garcia; when we feel well assured that the musicians of this country by no means share the unqualified approbation of the general public; when we find some of the best authorities insisting on her inferiority to several existing vocalists, we are lost in amazement. There are times in the history of all nations when a certain unaccountable madness seizes on them, as if they ran wild after a shadow. It may be that Providence, in its infinite wisdom, has provided this *monomania* as an escape-valve for more mischievous, if not more turbulent passions. Jenny Lind came to England at the very nick of time, when the people had grown apathetic and indifferent from having no novelty presented to them for a long time. Even Grisi had failed to excite—the people had grown tired of calling Aristides "The Just." The "Nightingale" came to England not only at a favourable moment, but under the most favouring circumstances. The breach of contract with Bunn, the opposition of the two Operas, and the division of the Press, with the world of warfare from contending partizans, manufactured her fame before she had an opportunity of proving a single claim to it. Tact and admirable generalship supplied what time, circumstance or partizanship had failed to accomplish. Jenny Lind was the greatest singer in the world before anybody had heard her. The *Morning Post's* statement, that "the first note she sang proved her the greatest vocalist in the universe," was no burlesque, but the inevitable consequence of the above-named premises. We shall say nothing of the Press in general.

The above hurried remarks fell unconsciously from our pen as we sat down to write our notice of Jenny Lind's appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Somnambula* on Thursday night, and her return to the Stage. Yes, reader! do not start—she has returned to the stage. What! after her strong and solemn protest against violating her scruples by another theatrical exhibition? What! after averring that she had always felt herself degraded by her connection with the histrionic profession? What! after pledging her word to the Bishop of — that henceforth she would only sing in sacred concerts? What! after the strong inducements, mingled with threats, by which only she was led to come on the stage and sing in Mozart's Opera, thereby plainly indicating that this was the utmost letter of her compliance? What! after all this, is it possible that Jenny Lind reappeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in an Opera?—and still further, is it possible that the public received her with open arms and open throats when she came on? Alas! poor reader! You little know the people in general if you do not believe they "can be led by the nose as asses are." Insult after insult has Jenny Lind heaped on their heads, yet have

they endured them all. They have set up and worshipped the wooden Dagon, and even though their high priest has shown them its very woodenness do they still worship it, rather than do themselves spite by acknowledging their error. Yes, reader, they did receive Jenny Lind on Thursday night with open arms, and widened throats. Since the first night of her appearance in England we have seen nothing like the crush at Her Majesty's Theatre on that evening. Every avenue was blockaded by immense crowds an hour before the doors were opened, and the rush that took place directly the people were admitted was frightful, from the screaming of ladies and their cries for help. It is unnecessary to say, that after ten minutes there was no standing room in the pit, and that as the curtain went up every nook and corner was occupied. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and a large host of fashionables attended. The house presented a most magnificent and brilliant appearance.

Jenny Lind's reception as *Aminia* was enthusiastic, but the enthusiasm was by no means general; and indeed, if compared to Grisi's reception on her first night in *Semiramide*, might be denominated cold. Those who did applaud, however, applauded lustily, and with vigorous lungs; and several denizens of the pit made such unreserved uses of their pocket handkerchiefs, &c., that the word "partizan," written in very plain letters thereon, was visible from all parts of the theatre. The first cavatina, "Come per me sereno," was sung by Mdle. Lind in the most effective and brilliant manner. Indeed, we do not think she ever sang it so well in this country. Her phrasing was graceful, and exquisitely finished, the intonation was perfect, and several daring and elaborate cadences—the most daring of which, by the way, was borrowed from Pauline Garcia—introduced in the happiest style. If we add to this, the indomitable energy of the singer, and the fearless and confident way in which she attacks the highest notes, together with the many artifices by which she knows how to lure the reluctant looker-on and hearer, we may have some notion of the effect Jenny Lind ought to have produced—we say "ought," for she "did not" produce a great effect, although, with one exception, she sang nothing else so well during the evening. In the duet with Elvino, we did not at all admire Mdle. Lind—or, more properly speaking, we did not like the singer's voice. Her middle voice has no quality and no power, and was heard most disadvantageously with Signor Calzolari's more telling tones. The introduced duet, "Son geloso," produced no effect, despite the renewal of Mdle. Lind's "small artifices" of acting, and the curtain fell upon the first act, according to the operatic division, to make use of a vulgar expression, like a wet blanket on the audience. The gentlemen in the pit with their "partizan handkerchiefs," waving, "like gonfalons in the morning breeze," made a strenuous call for the "Nightingale," but the applause not being general, we suppose, was not pleasing, and the vocalist did not come forward. This was an unusual proceeding for Jenny Lind, who generally skips on before the first hand of applause has called forth its echo. The handkerchief gentlemen still kept up their importunities, but a few well-directed and audible hisses silenced their batteries.

We have very little to praise in Mdle. Lind's performance in the second act. In the prayer her voice wanted tone, and the intonation was occasionally uncertain. Her recovery from the sleep was well acted, despite the "small artifices;" but we were by no means greatly impressed with either her singing or her acting in the finale—the grand triumph of Malibran and Pauline Garcia. Jenny Lind, though

she has immense energy and earnestness, never appears to be real. Her everlasting "small artifices," militate against all abstraction in acting. We know nothing more censurable in a stage performance than for a lady to appear in a part like that of Amina, and place herself in such heart-thrilling situations with respect to her lover, while her whole aim is to show to the spectators her horror of male contact, and to keep her sweetheart at a very respectful distance. And yet Jenny Lind is called a "great actress." O Public inconsiderate! After the second act there was a general recall, and the Nightingale thought better of it, and came on with the new tenor. This time the cheering was unanimous, and one bouquet was thrown on the stage.

The third act exhibited much that was admirable in Mademoiselle Lind's singing. The whole of the sonnambulism scene was deliciously given. The *sotto voce* in the prayer could not be surpassed for delicacy and finish, and the prolonged shake *pianissimo* at the end produced a tremendous effect. This was decidedly the crowning effort of the performance. We must, however, protest most strongly against the superabundance of action indulged in by Mademoiselle Lind in the sleep-walking scene. Those who remember Malibran cannot have forgotten the absence of all gestures and attitudinizing, and we are inclined to fancy Malibran was guided by a better taste and judgment than the "Nightingale." Nor were we immensely struck with the "Ah! non giunge." We have heard it executed with more surprising brilliancy by Persiani, and more grandly vocalised by Pauline Garcia; nevertheless, it had some striking points of excellence, and could not fail to create a great effect. It was encoored with acclamations. At the fall of the curtain, the "Nightingale" was called on; whereupon, artist-like, she came on by herself. A call was then made for Signor Calzolari; whereupon, the "Nightingale" again came on by herself. There was no mistaking this. A third and more marked call was made for Calzolari; whereupon, the "Nightingale" again came on, but this time she condescended to lead on the new tenor. And yet did the public swallow this "small artifice." O! dull and stupid public! At the end of the third act, a second bouquet was thrown on the stage from the same box as the first.

The new tenor, Signor Calzolari, who made his *début* in Elvino, was received with marked distinction, and created a most favourable impression. His voice, in quality, register, character, and mode of treatment, is so like Gardoni's, that for a long time, in spite of their eyes, many believed it was Gardoni who was before them. Having said that Signor Calzolari's voice is like Gardoni's, our readers will at once decide that the new tenor stands high in our estimation. His voice, perhaps, does not possess so much sweetness as Gardoni's, but in all the essentials of a tenor voice the two organs are nearly identical. We never heard two human voices so similar in every respect. Signor Calzolari made a decided hit. He was much applauded in the first duet, produced a powerful sensation in the "Tutto è sciolto," and was rapturously encoored in the "Ah! perche non posso." In the repeat, Mademoiselle Lind did not think proper to return, but left poor Elvino to iterate his plaint to some lady in the stalls, who, as a matter of course, was highly gratified. Signor Calzolari's success was decided, and there is no doubt that he will prove a great acquisition to the theatre. We shall speak of him at more length when we have had another opportunity of hearing him.

Signor Belletti was the Count Rodolpho, and sang with capital effect the opening scena. His acting was gentleman-like and perfectly quiet.

Miss Sara Howson made the best Lisa, except Corbari, we have heard or seen on the stage. Her voice is of delicious quality; full-bodied, and—to make use of a new but significant term—full-flavored. She vocalises with considerable ease and facility, and has both a good style and method. An occasional uncertainty of intonation from nervousness was the only fault we could find.

The band and chorus were most excellent, and Balfe was full of energy and spirit.

Want of space hinders us from giving a second notice of the new ballet, the *Lost Pleiad*, and entering in more minute detail upon Carlotta Grisi's exquisite impersonation. Our readers must spare us until next week, when we will render a faithful account of all the doings of the *Electra*. In the mean time we may say that the new ballet, with the assistance of Carlotta, Marie Taglioni, and M. Paul Taglioni, is running a glorious career, and has not lost one iota of its attraction.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of the *Semiramide* on Saturday was an improvement on the first. Grisi had regained all her force, Tamburini was in finer voice, and Angri had availed herself of the hint thrown out by one or two of the leading journals, and while stinting nothing of the fire and energy of her former acting, refined it a little more. We were, it may be remembered, somewhat sceptical as to Mdle. Angri's dramatic powers on her first night. We now feel satisfied that her histrionic capacities are of a very original order. The fair contralto was received throughout with immense applause, and received two more encores than she did on the Saturday; viz., in the cabaletta of the *aria d'entrata*, "Eccomi al fin in Babilonia," and the duet with Grisi, "Giorno d'orrore." The "In si barbara," as before, was encoored with vociferous cheers, and was sung with elaborate expression and feeling. The performance of the *Semiramide* from beginning to end was magnificent.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was given with Ronconi as Figaro, his first appearance this season, and Mdle. Angri as Rosina, her first appearance in that character. Ronconi was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and dashed off the "Largo al factotum" in a style of unapproachable excellence. We never heard this wonderful buffo song interpreted with so much irresistible humor and power. The encore was uproarious. The whole of Ronconi's first scene was a masterpiece of dramatic singing and acting. Nothing could surpass the whim, the drollery, the *verve*, and the untiring spirit of the splendid barytone. Mdle. Angri was received in the most flattering manner. She sang the "Una voce" most independently, and in the *largo*, by some extraordinary and novel effects of vocalisation, brought down the house with a unanimous shout of applause. Mdle. Angri's reading of the cavatina is decidedly original, and has been made the subject of disputation. She infuses into some of the phrases an energetic determination, and a spirit of mischief-loving, which, *à priori*, seems out of character with the music; but when we come to examine the text, when we find that Rosina has to give meaning to such words as, "I will play a hundred tricks," "I will prove a viper," "I will play the devil," we think opposition must be at once silenced, and cool judgment decide in favour of the new version. The fair contralto evidently judges for herself, and rejects all stage conventionalism, and this is one proof of genius. Her acting is full of *saveté* and spirit, and her singing indicates great vocal powers, and the highest intelligence.* Mdle. Angri introduced a dull rig-

* We are reluctantly compelled to disagree altogether with D. R.'s opinion of Mdle. Angri.—Ed. M. W.

marole by one Levey for the lesson song, and astonished her hearers by her extraordinary fluency and celerity of execution. We have rarely heard quick passages sung with such volubility and unerring intonation combined. We must also commend the bold contralto for her clear and distinct articulation. Every word is enunciated so as to be heard, and every word obtains its particular force. To sum up, without proceeding to further details, Mdle. Angri has added a new success to her first one.

The length to which our operatic notices run this week forbids us being more particular. Salvi was the Count Almaviva,—he sang and acted in his usual style of excellence; Tagliafico was the Bartolo; and Polonini supplied the place of Marini, who was incapacitated from appearing by indisposition. Tagliafico made an excellent Bartolo; and Polonini sang "La Colunnia" in first-rate style. The overture was encored, and was, need we say, played magnificently.

Mdle. Angri, Ronconi, and Salvi appeared to a unanimous call at the conclusion of both acts.

On Thursday, a grand extra-night, the *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with Miss Catherine Hayes as Lucia, Tamburini as Enrico, and Mario as Edgardo, it being the great tenor's first appearance in that character in England; and was followed by the first act of the *Barbiere*.

Miss Catherine Hayes made an immense impression in *Lucia*. She sang with the utmost feeling and energy, and acted with the greatest delicacy and gentleness, which betokened a thorough appreciation of the character. Her first cavatina, "Perche non ho," was rendered with exceeding brilliancy and finish; and some daring cadences at the close, executed with singular precision and skill, elicited a storm of applause. In the mad scene she refrained from all extravagance, and depended more for her efforts on intensity of feeling than any exuberance of display. Nor was she less impressive on this account. The reality of the scene became more apparent, and those who, at some ill-judged show-off, would have raised the hand and lifted up the voice, were silent and felt the more. We were highly pleased with Miss Catherine Hayes throughout this trying and oft-mistaken part, and pronounce her performance a very great improvement on her Linda.

Mario's Edgardo was a different business from all bygone Edgardos. More striking effects may have been produced by other tenors, but we question if the reality of the character was ever before made so apparent. In the first scene he certainly did not seem in full possession of his voice. But effects of his recent influenza had not entirely left him. In the malediction scene he recovered all his power, and in his mode of treating the curse reminded us forcibly of Rubini, depending more on intensity of look and manner than on vocal vociferation, which most tenors indulge in. His last scene was magnificent, and set all description at defiance. The "Fra poco" was a world of pathos and passion, and Mario's expiring notes were truly those of a broken heart pouring out its last will for the loss of one beloved. The applause was tremendous.

Tamburini's Enrico is a finished and masterly performance. His scene when he tells Lucy that Edgardo is false to her, and prevails on her to accept Arturo's hand, was acted with all this great artist's consummate skill and judgment.

Polonini made an excellent Raimondo; and Soldi appeared to advantage in the small part of Arturo.

The band and chorus need no comment. The reader may shrewdly guess how the finale to the second act went.

Miss Hayes and Mario were summoned at the end of the first act; Miss Hayes, Mario, and Tamburini, at the end of

the second act, and the same at the end of the third. Miss Catherine Hayes's success was triumphant.

The first act of the *Barbiere* went off with immense spirit. Ronconi surpassed himself, and was encored twice in "Largo al factotum." Angri obtained the most enthusiastic applause in "Una voce," and the performance was listened to with intense pleasure.

ERNST.

(From the Morning Advertiser.)

THE programme of the third concert presented especial attraction for the lovers of the violin. Herr Ernst, who probably stands highest in the rank of violinists, appeared for the first time for several seasons, and was announced to play twice during the evening. A cordial welcome was given to Herr Ernst, who, to a Paganini-like figure, conjoins the nervous and flexible organisation, and the long supple hand, that distinguishes the founder of the "miraculous" school of violin playing. The composition (his own) that Herr Ernst first played is an "Allegro Pathetique," with orchestral accompaniment—a *capriccio*—but written with all the breadth and grandeur of a concerto. The *motivi* are very elegant and melodious (reminding one, however, of Weber and Spohr), and instrumented with consummate ability and grace. The work opens with a noble *tutti* introduction, presenting the principal themes in simple form. These are afterwards delivered by the solo violin, and then furnished with orchestral accompaniments. The *motivi* are subsequently treated with every species of ornament, carried to a marvellous degree of elaboration, the *group*, the *scale chromatique*, and passages of double notes, the *trill*, the sudden flight betwixt intervals, the widest and least expected, with showers of *harmonics* that sparkle like brilliants, are all employed with faultless and astounding skill, in weaving a continuous chain of variations upon the *motivi*, which are simultaneously heard in the orchestra. The effect is as beautiful as rare. The piece, indeed, is one of those rare combinations in which *embellishment* so perpetually waits upon *design*,—that while it satisfies the most exorbitant appetite for the marvellous, it fails not to gratify, in the same degree, the fastidious and the classical. We have sufficiently indicated the executive power of this great artist. The character of his composition maintains the repute of his known intellectual and classical genius. His tone is remarkable for richness and power; the only drawback to an absolute perfection is a slight tendency to sharpness in his intonation. How Herr Ernst can descend to the playful and the humorous, and be as great in a piece of pleasant fantasy as in the highest walks of his art, was shown in his second performance last evening—his admirable playing of certain "Airs Hongrois," with variations, in which the classic and the humourist were equally charmed and astonished with his exquisite neatness of execution, and the comic force of expression thrown into these dancing melodies. The latter were received with a perfect *furor* of applause.

(From the Morning Herald.)

THE return to England of the eminent violinist, Ernst, is welcome news, for his performances, five years ago, were sources of the purest gratification, necessarily arising from the exhibition of great artistical feeling, united with the completest mechanical facility. He is, by far, the most extraordinary performer since Paganini astonished the world by his prodigious execution and fantastic sublimity of style. As far as manual difficulties are concerned, Ernst surpasses his great model; he attempts, and accomplishes, things never dreamt of by Paganini. His wonderful command of octaves, thirds, and sixths, has enabled him to invent and execute a variety of passages, that give a new feature to the violin-school, and may be said to have carried it much to the same point to which Liszt and Thalberg have carried the pianoforte. His style more nearly approaches that of Paganini than that of any other living violinist. It is earnest, impassioned, and varied; the eccentric, the pathetic, and the playful, are equally within his reach, and equally the basis of grand and legitimate effects. No one reads a simple theme with so much of what is essentially *style* as Ernst: with him, two melodies are never developed in the same manner. He imparts to each a characteristic individuality,

while at the same time there is always a vivid colouring and happy contrast, peculiar to himself. In large and passionate expression, Ernst, is also unsurpassed. Who, in the violin world, does not know and admire his *Elgis*, and who, that has heard him play it, can ever forget it?

As a composer, Ernst only does not rank in the first class, because he has not devoted himself to the composition of the highest forms of music; but he has enriched the repertoire of the violinist with a number of works of various merit, from the grand fantasia to the romance and rondo; and these are widely known in Europe, being in the studio of every violin player, to whom improvement, in the modern school of execution, is indispensable. The compositions which he performed were excellent specimens of his ability in very opposite schools. The "Allegro Pathétique" is in the form of the first movement of a grand concerto, only developed to a greater length. The subjects are good, and well contrasted. The second theme is a cantabile of great melodic beauty. The instrumentation is masterly throughout, showing a perfect acquaintance with all that appertains to the orchestra, and unbounded fancy in its employment. The difficulties are tremendous, but they were overcome with the most perfect ease. The "airs" belonged exclusively to the Paganini school; and here Ernst's marvellous adroitness, his power of dealing with passages in an odd and freakish manner, his control over the manipulation of harmonics, and his unheard-of capability in giving them accent and expression, were made plentifully manifest. Such finished executancy is rarely, very rarely met with.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK II.

OF ART AMONG EGYPTIANS, PHENICIANS, AND PERSIANS.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued from page 244.)

XVII. PORPHYRY, on account of its insuperable hardness, cannot, like marble, be worked with the chisel, or with the edge of a broad tool. It must gradually, and with great patience, be hammered into with a pointed instrument; and during the imperceptible progress of this work, sparks of fire fly out at every stroke. When, at last, after innumerable punctures have been made, (so that a whole year will not suffice for the completion of a clothed statue,) the hollows have been worked out in the rough, the whole must be rubbed with emery, and this rubbing and polishing requires a year more; for several artists cannot conveniently work at once at the same statue. Since a work in this stone demands such infinite time and patience, it is surprising that there were skilful Greek artists, who submitted to all this trouble and tediousness, by which the mind is fettered and the hand wearied, while the eye is not encouraged by any visible progress. To explain myself more clearly as to the means of working, which I have indicated, it is done as follows:—The first "hand,"* to use a common expression, is given with long square-pointed instruments, called "subbie," under which small pieces imperceptibly fly off. Afterwards, when the first rough surface is gone, they begin to hew the stone with heavy hammer-shaped iron tools, pointed at both ends. When this second process is completed, other iron tools, similarly shaped, but with a broad edge, are taken, and with them the whole work is gone over several times, until at last they can proceed to the polishing. Statues and columns are made in this manner, and the artists generally work with a peculiar sort of spectacles to preserve the eyes from the fine dust that flies off. They proceed in the same way with the Egyptian Breccia, as it is called, though this is not equally hard in every part (a).

* What is the English technicality corresponding to this word, or whether there is one at all, I do not know.—Translator.

XVIII. We have to make some remarks on the last-named stone, though only one torso of a statue in this material is remaining. It is a compound of innumerable other sorts of stone, including porphyry of both colours, which induces me to believe that it is dug in Egypt. The stone was included in the generic Italian word, "Breccia," a word which is explained neither by the Crusca,* nor by the wretched Florentine author, Baldinucci, though an explanation should have been found in both. We call Breccia a stone, which seems composed of many fragments of other stones, and it is for this reason that the name is given, as Menage rightly observes, who deduces it from the German word, "brechen."† As in the formation of this Breccia, Egyptian stones are more prominent than the rest, I have deemed it right to give it the name of "Egyptian Breccia." The principal colour of this stone is green, in which such infinite shades and gradations may be observed, that I am convinced they have not been produced by any painter or colourist. To eyes that are accustomed to pay close attention to natural productions, the mixture of these colours must appear irregularly beautiful. The torso, already mentioned, represents a captive king, seated, dressed after the fashion of barbarous nations, and nothing is wanting but the external parts, the head and hands, which were probably of white marble. Cardinal Alexander Albani has set up this statue in a special small building in his villa, which is decorated with other works in the same stone. On each side of the statue stands a pillar, and in front of it is a large round cup, ten palms in diameter, likewise of this material. Besides these specimens, there is, in the Cathedral Church at Capua, an old bathing-tub of the same material, which is now used as a font (b).

XIX. That, besides granite, porphyry, and alabaster, various kinds of marble were dug in Egypt, is shown by many works yet remaining in white, black, and yellowish marble, which are mentioned by the travellers in that country. The long, narrow passages of the largest pyramid are lined with white marble, which, doubtless, is not Parian, as Pliny was informed (c). Pieces of obelisks, and sphinxes (of which one is 22 feet long) in a yellowish marble, and colossal statues in white marble, are still to be seen there. Nevertheless, I was long doubtful about some Egyptian sculptures in white marble at Rome, notwithstanding the head in relief already mentioned in the Campidoglio, which, perhaps, might only turn out to be an imitation of the old Egyptian style, for it stands too high to allow a close inspection. But my doubt was completely dispelled by a fragment of a genuine Egyptian statue in white marble, which is marked with hieroglyphics, and is in the possession of a stone-mason in the Campo Vaccino. But I was especially convinced of the Egyptian labours in white marble, by some broken fragments of the stone in the museum of the Collegium Romanum, which are in relief, but nevertheless, in the Egyptian style—that is to say, the relief does not project beyond the surface of the marble, or to express myself more clearly, the part in relief has been chiselled into the tablets. On one of these is the upper part of a figure as large as life, above the shoulders, in which, instead of a human head, appears the long head and neck of a bird, with a tuft of feathers standing upright on the top, and a long curved beak. This figure seems, nevertheless, to have its proper human head, but so arranged as to be completely covered with an ordinary Egyptian hood, two strips from which hang down upon the breast, while the neck and head of the

* I. e. the Dictionary of the Academy dell Crusca.

† *Anglicé*: to break.

bird stands upright to cover the face of the figure. A clearer notion of this figure may be gained from another on the so-called "Tablet of Isis," at Turin, which is perfectly like ours, and hence I am of opinion that the two similar figures, which are painted on the first mummy described by Alexander Gordon, did not have straight beaks, as they are represented in the plate, but that the beaks were curved downwards. This writer is therefore mistaken, as well as Pignorius, when he looks upon the head of this bird as that of an ibis or a stork, for these had not crooked beaks. I am told that it is an African bird, called "Akaviak," but I leave this point to the naturalists. The work I have here described is probably one of the oldest in Egyptian art. On the other hand, I am very doubtful about a small and very carefully worked male bust, in white marble, which stands about half a palm high, and is kept in the Herculaneum Museum, under the name of "Palombino," because all the male statues of the Egyptians exhibit a smooth chin, and moreover because the beard is arranged like that in the Greek Hermæ. A piece of an obelisk in black marble has also been discovered. The upper part of a large statue in the Villa Albani is of *Rosso antico*,* but seems, by the style, to have been made in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, in whose villa it was found.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) Besides the red and green porphyry, there is also a black sort, of which are made a cup in the Pio-Clementine Museum, and, as some think, the urn beneath the chief altar of the church S. Nicolo, in Carcere. Especially remarkable is what is called Porphyry-breccia (porfido brecciato) in a very tall pillar about two palms in diameter and eleven palms high. The ground is of a violet, or rather of a red colour; the spots, which are large and clearly distinguished, are red, black, and greenish, inclining to almost all the colours hitherto observed in porphyry. For a long time this pillar remained unnoticed and neglected on the Tiber, near the Ponto Rotto, at Rome, and it is only within a few years that it has been brought to the Pio-Clementine Museum.—*Fea*.

(b) The upper half of an Egyptian priest, somewhat less than a Roman palm high, which stands in the Pio-Clementine Museum, is of Breccia gialla; and in the same museum there is another small standing figure, about a palm high, made of a reddish Egyptian stone, which probably represents an Egyptian Bacchus, and resembles the one published by Caylus. From the singular elegance of the work, we may conclude that it comes from the time of the Greeks.—*Fea*.

(c) In the passage here cited, Pliny is speaking not of the Pyramids, but, as also Herodotus, of the Labyrinth.—*Fea*.

* A reddish marble, so called by Italians.—*Translator*.

SONNET.

NO. CXXXII.

'Tis said that Go in ancient times gave birth
To big Antæus, terrible among
The sons of men—unconquer'd by the throng
Of heroes while he kept his feet on earth.
There firmly fixed, he never felt a dearth
Of new fresh pow'r; heedless he went along
His lumb'ring course, till one came, passing strong,
Who showed him his own strength was little worth.
Alcides rais'd Antæus from the ground
And throttled him: the giant's pow'r was gone
When pois'd in air—he on earth he was at home.
How many like Antæus may be found,
In thought mere dreamers, who, when hurried on
By earth's strong impulse, men of might become! N. D.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.—The first meeting is announced for May the 9th. Ernst is engaged. Sterndale Bennett will play a grand sonata.

MADAME MONTENEGRO, Mdle. Mantelli, Signori Montelli and Santiago are en route to Plymouth, where they are engaged by Mr. Newcombe to give six representations.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. HOWARD GLOVER's operatic company, respecting which I lately sent you a short notice, have been playing with more than average success at the Liverpool theatre, though they have not been supported by our musical cognoscenti so enthusiastically as could have been wished. The truth is, that operatic performances in Liverpool have for some time past been such "swindles," that the public have grown very suspicious, and it takes time to convince them now that there can be any pleasure whatever in going to see operas.

The operas already performed are the *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Giselle*, *Sonnambula*, and the *Beggar's Opera*, all of which have been given several times. Miss Anne Romer, the *prima donna*, has created quite a sensation here in her native town. Those who have known her for years past expected that she would fulfil in time the high expectations of her friends; but they were little prepared for the manner in which she at present both acts and sings. The newspapers here have spoken in the highest terms of her, and have unanimously pronounced her impersonations of Amina and Lucia to be the best (in English) that have been witnessed in Liverpool for many years past. I think you will fully agree with them if she ever performs in those characters in London. Her Amina is a performance of deep feeling, and her singing throughout is graceful, facile, and distinct. Her voice, fresh, unbacked, and of considerable power, is managed with great taste and skill; her intonation is very good, and her articulation exceedingly clear; she sings the florid *cadenzas* in the "Ah non giungo" with great ease. She is nightly called on before the curtain. Mr. Delevanti made a very good Rodolpho, singing with expression, and acting in a natural manner. Miss Julia Bleaden, one of Mr. Glover's pupils, was a good singing Liza, though slightly nervous. Mr. E. Hime, as Elvino, sang with taste, but failed in creating a great sensation; he has, however, vastly improved of late, and in time, with study and care, may make a good vocalist and actor. At present, however, his acting is somewhat rough.

Mr. Howard Glover made his *début* in Liverpool, and his second appearance on any stage as Edgardo, in *Lucia*. Of course he was dreadfully nervous, and, I think, he acted somewhat boldly in making his *début* in one of the most difficult vocal and acting parts in the operatic *répertoire*. He sang, however, with considerable feeling, and seemed to have an excellent conception of the character, which the peculiarly trying circumstances hindered him from adequately embodying. He has appeared in it four times. It is to be regretted that Mr. Howard Glover's presence on the stage deprives us of the advantage of his assistance in the orchestra, where he was much missed, and where his really great talents will be properly appreciated.

Miss Anne Romer's performance of Scott's heroine, the love-lorn and unhappy Lucy, was, on the whole, excellent. She has evidently studied the character of Lucy carefully. The mad scene and the malediction were acted with truth and vigour, and life-like reality. Her singing was extremely good, more particularly in the air, "O for an eagle's pinions!" and in the duet with Colonel Ashton (Mr. Gregg), "My sufferings and my sorrow:" the finale to the 2nd and 3rd acts were also very effective.

Mr. Gregg made a very good Colonel Ashton; his powerful voice is well suited to the music, which he sung with care and intelligence. His voice told well in the concerted music. Mr. Delevanti played Bidebent, in which the little he had to do was well and carefully accomplished. Miss Romer was loudly called for at the termination of the opera, and a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Gregg.

In the *Beggar's Opera* Miss Sara Flower played Captain Macheath, and Miss Anne Romer, Polly. Both these ladies were exceedingly effective. Miss Flower, in the pretty song, "When the heart of a man," which she gave with great spirit, gained a hearty encore, as did Miss Anne Romer in "Cease your funning." In the tender ditty, "O, ponder well," she was encored. Miss Mary Glover played Lucy very prettily, and shared the applause with the two *prima donnas*; she acted with great *savetè*, and, unlike most of the others, was thoroughly up in her part. To-night Miss Romer appears in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, and will subsequently, I believe, also sing Rosina, in the *Barber of Seville*, Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, and Arline, in the *Bohemian Girl*. A new comic opera by Mr. Howard Glover was to have been produced last Monday, but owing to the indisposition of Miss Sara Flower, it was postponed. It is called *Aminata the Coquette*, and is, we understand, a very clever work. If it is played next week, I will send you an account of it. Altogether, Mr. Howard Glover's speculation has proved attractive; and if the pieces are well rehearsed

and carefully put upon the stage, I am sure that the musical public of Liverpool will liberally support him.

At the Amphitheatre, Mdlle. Auriol and Mr. Flexmore are still playing in *Esmeralda*, which has proved very attractive. Hudson is also starring it here, and plays to-night in *The Knight of Arva*. There is some talk of the Theatre Royal being shortly opened, with an Opera company, including Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe, but at present nothing is definitely settled. The magnificent New Philharmonic Concert Hall, decidedly the finest building in the world solely devoted to Music, will be opened on the 24th of September next. There will be three morning performances (Oratorios) and three evening performances (Miscellaneous Concerts): the week's amusements will terminate with a Grand Fancy Dress Ball. It will be the grandest musical performance ever given in Liverpool. All the talent of both opera houses, as well as the best of our English vocalists, are engaged, and we may expect to hear Jenny Lind, Alboni, Grisi, Angri, Parodi, and other great musical geniuses, singing under one roof. I, of course, expect you down then, as my poor pen will be quite unable to give the erudite readers of the *Musical World* an adequate description of so great a musical treat. It may not be out of place here to state, that all your Liverpool readers, as well as myself, quite agree with the sentiments contained in a letter from a member of the Garrick Club, in your number of the 14th instant, *à propos* of Mr. Macfarren's admirable papers; but I have spread out my sayings to too great a length, so I must finish.

Liverpool, April 25, 1849.

J. H. N.

THE NEW VIOLINS OF HERR BAUSCH, OF LEIPSIG.

PIANO-FORTES, harps, and wind-instruments have, within the last few years, been brought to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Stringed instruments alone, in spite of several praise-worthy attempts, have not been able to attain the beauty of sound which distinguishes an Amati, a Stradivari, and a Guarneri. Except the violin of Siori, which is the work of the celebrated maker Vuillaume of Paris, I am acquainted with no new violin whose qualities would allow of its being compared with the older ones; and I had already come to the conclusion, that the secret of the Cremona makers had died with them, and that we must give up all hopes of seeing our age, however intellectual and industrious, produce a violin as complete as those of the Italian makers. My fears have, fortunately, not been realised, and I write these few lines under a most most agreeable impression, in order to introduce to public notice a young man, of 22 years of age, who has presented me with a violin of great external beauty, and an exquisite quality of tone.

Mr. Ludwig Bausch, son of the excellent maker of the same name at Leipzig, and who from his earliest childhood has worked with his father, has made, among other very good violins, an instrument modelled on those of Joseph Guarnerius. On examining the neck and upper parts of the instrument, the most experienced eye could not distinguish the work and varnish from those of a violin of the old master. The back alone might raise doubts; for the wood, in spite of its age and the fine varnish which covers it, still shows some veins which have not yet had time to unite with the varnish, the violin being only six weeks old. However, I care little for a handsome violin, if the tone is bad, and I consider far less important the imitation of form and varnish than the production of a powerful and mellow tone, and the capability of offering resistance to the bow. The violin of young Bausch possesses all these requisites. It is of a surprising evenness in all its strings; the tone is as powerful as it is sweet; and the most complicated difficulties can be performed on it without ever producing that harshness which is the inseparable companion of new violins.

I confess that so much perfection led me to fear lest some artificial preparation of the wood had been resorted to, to soften the tone, or that a part of the violin employed was the

work of Guarnerius himself. The deserved praise which I felt bound to offer to the youthful maker allowed me to express my astonishment and fears; whereupon he affirmed on his honor that every portion of the violin was made by himself, that there was no artificial preparation of the wood, and that the good result was due solely to the age of the wood, the pureness and limpidity of the varnish, and, above all, to the most minute acoustic calculations. M. Bausch will, however, soon make several instruments on the same model, and will thus doubtless confirm the high opinion which his talent has inspired to all those who, like myself, have played on this instrument, and have compared it with the finest specimens of the old Italian violins.

I earnestly entreat my brother writers in the musical press to call the attention of *amateurs* to this young man. He deserves the encouragement of all those who are interested in the improvement of an art which presents so many difficulties, and the modern productions of which have hitherto, with one solitary exception, left so much to be desired.

HENRI PANOFKA.

Après avoir essayé bien scrupuleusement les violons de Mons. Bausch et surtout celui du patron de Guarnerius, dont Mons. Panofka parle particulièrement dans son article, je puis me ranger entièrement à l'opinion favorable qu'il énonce; tant sur la beauté que sur l'excellente qualité de son de ces instruments.

H. N. ERNST.

38, Great Marlborough Street, April 24, 1849.

DINNER TO MACREADY AT NEW ORLEANS.

A SPLENDID dinner was given to Mr. Macready, in the "Verandah," at New Orleans, United States, on the 24th of March. The speech which he delivered on the occasion was highly gratifying to the Americans, without a sacrifice to the nationality of the speaker. "Ask at St. James's, or Windsor Castle," he said, "whether, among the highly-salaried, and high-titled diplomatists of European courts, there is one welcomed with greater attention, received with more distinguished honor, and treated with more flattering consideration and genuine respect, than the wisely-economised ministry of the United States? By none! I speak from actual knowledge. Is the gallantry and prowess of the Americans, by sea and land, more readily attested and honored than by British officers? In literature and art, the name of Channing, Irving, Prescott, Leslie, Powers, and others, can testify the popularity of American genius in England. And should it not be so? I would ask, even him of my own country, possessed of the most contracted mind, what, out of all history, will remain to posterity as one of the chief evidences of England's real greatness? Where, out of our own island, are we to look for the most unequivocal proof of the character and genius of the race? Why, even in her pride of place, —even while she still sits, Cybela-like, turret-crowned, upon the subject deep, —a queen among the nations, —she can trace on the proud long list of her illustrious records no glory beyond that of giving birth to such a people. And when, with the revolutions of time, her day of decline may come, —and far distant may be that day, —and she lies 'reft of her sons, amid her foes forlorn,' —even then the 'widowed queen' may still 'in faded splendour wan,' stretch out her shrunken arm, and point over the broad Atlantic to the giant nation here — her offspring, as the still existing proof of her benefit to mankind, and a memorial of her title to everlasting honor. Nor are the reflective of your country unmindful of the birthright you enjoy, of your heritage in those master

minds, that untitled nobility of God's own creation, in Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Locke, in the laws, the institutions, and the language common in us both, that educate a nation to pre-eminence. No vestige of national prejudice ought to remain between people with such motive to mutual reverence and esteem." The regular toasts were—"Genius," "The memory of Shakspeare," "The Drama," "William C. Macready," "E. Lytton Bulwer, Sheridan Knowles, and T. Noon Talford," "Charlotte Cushman and Mrs. Mowatt," and "Great Britain and the United States." Mr. Wilson, the Scottish vocalist, sang some songs on the occasion with great applause. General Lewis presided, and many of the first persons in the city, including several judges, were present.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FRENCH PLAYS.—OPERA COMIQUE.—The success of this theatre continues undiminished, and the production of *Fra Diavolo* has created considerable interest. The music of this Opera is too well known to require any critical comment at present; its reputation is established all over Europe, and its melodies have been ground on barrelled organs and whistled with more or less perfection by all our amateur urchins of music for the last twenty years. The overture is the most popular of Auber, if not the best. The *finale* to the first act is one of the most ingenious pieces in the opera.

In the second act Mdlle. Charton took great pains with the plaintive melody, "Je suis seule," which, being devoid of ornament, is entirely dependant on its own intrinsic merit, and the expression of the singer to give it full effect. The beautiful trio, "Dejà le sommeil me reclame," which follows, was carefully interpreted by Mdlles. Charton and Guichard, and M. Châteaufort; after which M. Octave, the new tenor, sang his well-known song, "Agnes la Jouvencelle," in a manner that seemed to create general satisfaction amongst the audience, and enabled us to form our opinion—a more decided opinion of his talents than we could possibly do in the first act, where he has but little to sing. M. Octave is announced as being from the Opéra Comique, in Paris, where we presume he never played the parts of first tenor, his voice not being of that superior quality, and his singing not having that finish which should make us forget his mediocre qualifications as an actor. Still M. Octave is an improvement upon M. Bonnamy, his predecessor. He has much to learn, more especially he should avoid exaggeration, and those sudden shouts, which strike most unpleasantly on a musical ear. He must also learn to unite his head-voice to his chest-voice more artistically; and moreover, avoid cutting his words in two, as some of our Italian friends are too fond of doing; under no circumstances can this be allowed. What can be more absurd than "Ami, n'en . . . tends tu pas?" The word *tends* being cut in two to suite the respiration of the singer.

The scene in the third act which commences with "Je vois marcher sous mes bannières" is open to the same objections; but they were in a measure redeemed by M. Octave's energy and by his expressive delivery of the music; in this song he was loudly and deservedly applauded, and inspired us with the desire to see him in some other part before we finally judge of his merits. Mlle. Charton played and sang to perfection; her scene in the second act, where she divests herself of her clothing and prepares for repose, "Ou, c'est demain, que je me marie," was charmingly interpreted. We must not omit to say a word of praise in favour of the trio of the three robbers sung *mezza-voce* by Messrs. Octave, Josset, and St. Charles.

On the whole the opera was well got up. Mdlle. Guichard played and sang her small part in her usual careful and pleasing manner; M. Châteaufort was an excellent Englishman, according to the French stage model; M. Buguet made a good inn-keeper, and the small part of Lorenzo was ably filled by M. Soyer. The *Pré au Cleros* by Herold is announced as the next novelty. J. DE C—.

HANDEL AND HIS "MESSIAH."

(Concluded from page 252.)

THE recitative, "For behold I tell you a mystery," is a broad piece of declamation; but the air which it introduces we cannot—with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses us—we cannot—after the most careful study of the piece we are presuming to censure—we cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised," appears to be a passage as suggestive as any in the oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius. What a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again!—tearing the till then impenetrable curtain from eternity, it discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Divinity, the last sense new created, and merges is, and was, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and the true; and how particularly does it strike us, first, that such an image, even one so superhuman, was quite within the province, and possibly within the power of the composer of the *Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment we feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of this passage; and we cannot but feel, and feeling cannot but regret, that the trivial—for so, compared to the theme, we must regard it—the trivial song before us, and the trifling conventionalities of the common place trumpet accompaniment, must wholly disappoint all those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, of what they have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a tolerably skilled solo player, and the thrilling annunciation of the destiny of all mortality rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressionless bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its propriety.

"O, Death, where is thy sting?" the duet for alto and tenor, is an ingenious piece of writing, in which the close imitation that is almost incessantly kept up between the two voices, betokens the profound scholar in his art; it is, however, much more long than effective in performance. What is principally to be remarked in it is, that the same subject is introduced in the succeeding chorus to the words, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory;" by which, doubtless, some especial allusion is intended to be conveyed, or connection implied, the force of which, as a point of musical expression, we own ourselves unable to discover.

The air, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" is melodious and flowing; but we feel its chief merit to be in

the repose it presents before the exultant and vigorous effect of the final chorus.

"Worthy is the Lamb," is, to speak the highest of all possible praise, an appropriate and a worthy conclusion to this great work; the opening is wonderfully grand and majestic, the fugue point, "Blessing and honor," has a very dignified subject, and is most ably worked; and the concluding "Amen," an alla capella fugue in the strictest style, so elaborate and so powerfully written, as to be eminently effective, even after the excellent movement that precedes it. Thus terminates this very important work, the greatness of which may justly be compared to the grandeur of its subject, and the general appreciation of which is akin to the universal interest of the Christian world in its sacred theme.

It is always a matter of lament that it was Handel's custom, as that of his age, to leave the organ part, which sustained the chief accompaniment of his solo pieces, to the improvisation of the performer, giving only the vague indication of a figured bass to direct the organist as to the harmony—without implying in any manner the position in which the chords are to be dispersed, upon which very much, if not the whole of their effect depends, nor, what is still more important, suggesting the form or figure of the accompaniment. The traditional mode of performing these organ accompaniments having been, to a great extent, lost, and the organists of our day having, for the most part, a discreet hesitation to venture their extemporaneities upon such everlasting themes, the custom generally prevails now of omitting the organ in such pieces altogether; and hence the miserably weak and meagre effect of those many songs, of which we hear nothing but the outline in the voice and the bass parts, with an occasional point of imitation, and sometimes a symphony for the violin. In the case of the *Messiah*, the great composer has a powerful advantage in the effect of his creation on a modern audience, from the labors of an equally great commentator, in the additional parts Mozart has added to the original score, the purport of which is to fill up the blank places, and to supply in the orchestras such effects as Handel himself would have produced in accompanying his own work on the organ. Without Mozart's masterly additions, a performance of this oratorio must then always be regarded as incomplete.

May this brief analysis of Handel's greatest masterpiece be accepted as an humble tribute to his immortal genius,—and may the admiration, the respect, the hero-worship of all ages and all climes, so long as his mighty productions remain to win the affectionate reverence of mankind, do justice to the memory of GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL!

G. A. MACFARREN.

THE DISTINS IN AMERICA.

WE copy the following from the *Richmond Darby Whig* :—

"THE DISTIN'S CONCERT.

"This truly artistic family have given three Concerts at the Exchange Hotel, and we unhesitatingly affirm that we have never attended any with more unmixed gratification. The perfect mastery over their instruments is such, that it makes the audience totally forgetful, not only of the difficulty, but also of the physical exertion necessary in the performance of their *morceaux*, for not only were the encores most enthusiastic (we had almost said, unmerciful), but, *mirabile dictu!* they were cheerfully responded to and improved upon acquaintance, a true test of their excellence.

"The chief feature in their programmes has been concerted music for four newly-invented instruments, called Sax Horns, a word or two upon the nature of which may not be deemed irrelevant. They are made of silver, and from their peculiar construction combine the quality of tone both of the Trumpet and French Horn. They are capable of the most rapid execution, as well as that attenuation of tone, which we can only describe by saying, that it not only forced upon our minds the recollection of the line,

'Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,'

but in the excited feelings of the moment, we could imagine it portraying

'The echoes of some love-sick fairy's sigh,'

but the chief wonder to us, knowing somewhat of the difficulty of the embouchure of all instruments of this species, was their unexceptionable intonation and evenness of quality.

"The music selected and arranged for these instruments was of the highest order. The *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, the *Der Freischütz* of Carl M. Weber, have been laid under contribution, besides compositions of Costa, Donizetti, and Bellini, and while nothing was interpolated, showing the modesty of the arranger, the distribution of the harmony for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, proved his most consummate skill.

"The soprano part was taken by Mr. Distin, sen., and the instrument must have required, from the amazing height of its pitch, a lip of tempered steel; yet not so much as once did we perceive a waver, much less a split upon even the highest tones. The alto was played by Mr. Henri, and the tenor by Mr. Theodore; between these two were divided the principal cantando passages, and invariably we accorded the palm to whichever of the two instruments happened to have the last solo. The bass was played by Mr. William, and we could not tell which to wonder at most, the depth and quality of his tone, or the truth and justness of his intonation, no matter how intricate the harmony, or how extreme the transitions; it was the note that our ear wanted, and not an apology for it.

"We cannot tell whether to ascribe it to the music or the playing, or both, but we will candidly acknowledge that in a Terzette de Canone of Costa, we not only felt an unwonted moisture in our eye, but on looking around among the auditors, we fancied we could perceive that our sensations were shared by some others we could name, not in general "used to the melting mood."

In a hunting duet on two French horns, by the Messrs. Henry and William, the effect of an echo was the most perfect that could be imagined; and we cannot too highly praise the two solos, one on the Alto Sax-horn, the other on the Tenor Sax-tuba, in both of which the former displayed, not only great manual (perhaps we should say labial) skill, but what was of far greater importance, the highest mental qualities, both of comprehension and expression.

"We trust that before he leaves us, our citizens may have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Distin, sen., on the trumpet. It is now some fifteen years since we had the pleasure to do so in London, and we cannot easily forget the effect of his solo, the 'Soldier tired,' on his auditors.

"Altogether, we again say we have never attended three consecutive concerts with greater pleasure, and both from their artistic qualities, as well as gentlemanly and modest deportment, most cordially wish the Distins the success they so eminently deserve."

It is clear that the Distin Family have been thoroughly appreciated by Brother Jonathan.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MACFARREN'S ESSAYS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to join with "An Admirer of Real Talent," in cordially thanking Mr. Macfarren for his truly admirable essays on the respective merits of those wonders of their several ages, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, which have of late appeared in the pages of the *Musical World*. That he may continue to delight the readers of your journal by these most interesting contributions is my earnest wish; but I cannot help thinking that your correspondent, in asking Mr. Macfarren, through the medium of your pages, to introduce the several names of Beethoven, Haydn, and Spohr, has totally lost sight of one mighty genius, viz.: the immortal Sebastian Bach, who may, indeed, be said to deserve a place by the side of Haydn and Beethoven more imperatively than Spohr, who, great as he undoubtedly is, must yield the palm for pride of place to this extraordinary master of harmony, whose gigantic productions, more especially those composed for the organ, have, for their general beauty, for the superb combinations involved in them, and for the contrapuntal learning and research which shows itself in every bar, been the theme of wonder and admiration in his own and all succeeding ages. Do not let me be mistaken. Not for an instant would I underrate the merits of Spohr, who has no greater admirer than myself. His school is his own, and his works are replete with every kind of beauty; but he can hardly be allowed a niche in the same temple with Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. I need not say how happy I should be to have the benefit of Mr. Macfarren's opinion on the music of Spohr: but I confess I should first wish him to exert his great talent on the compositions of Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven.

I most freely echo that portion of your correspondent's letter which relates to that ridiculous paper warfare on different subjects, which has, in nearly every instance, been so bitterly carried on in the pages of the *Musical World*. At first, I felt interest in these communications; but the style which the writers adopted, and the personalities which

nearly all were in the habit of indulging in, soon disgusted me, and I, in consequence, gradually gave up their perusal, until at last, I, like your correspondent, "turned the leaves over intuitively" wherever their signatures were attached.—Yours very truly, ALPHA.

JENNY LIND.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

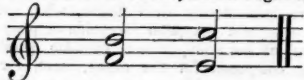
MR. EDITOR,—As your journal is the only one free from the "Lind mania," I wonder you did not offer a few remarks on that young lady's bearing towards the public on a late occasion. It seems to me that the Press, whom Jenny Lind professes to despise, and who have yet been silly enough to write her into notoriety, ought now and then to tell her a few home truths. But the newspapers who, in the first instance, told the public to fall down and worship, seem scarcely to dare to find a fault with the idol they have raised. Now, Mr. Editor, I am not personally acquainted with the "Nightingale," nor with any of the *prime donne* of the rival house, but it strikes me that Jenny Lind has been rated ridiculously above her merits when put in competition with such artists as Grisi, Alboni, or Persiani, who are infinitely her superiors. The truth is, that Jenny Lind is a clever girl, with a husky voice, which must have required a world of labor to bring into training; but till cleverness passes for genius, she cannot lay claim to be ranked beside a Malibran, or a Grisi. Yet is she *fétte* in a way that neither of these great vocalists ever were. Her character is certainly unimpeachable on the score of what is emphatically called "virtue;" but her conduct towards Bunn was by no means straightforward; and for one who holds converse with bishops, and now shows such a holy horror for the stage, it was marked by anything rather than scrupulousness. The public, nevertheless, choose to hold her up as a pattern of all that is admirable, and have spoilt her, till, like other wayward children, she ceases to pay her admirers the common respect that greater artists than herself never neglect to show. She may think she marks her superiority and abstraction from worldly concerns by not making a curtsy when the house rings with applause, but in so doing she assumes more self-importance than Her Majesty ever displays towards her subjects. Pray, Mr. Editor, lecture her on this head, and advise her either to leave off singing in public altogether, or else to behave like her sister vocalists.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, L. W.

P.S.—I always observe that the "Nightingale" never allows other sweet-singing birds to warble in the same bush as herself, if she can help it. Except the Misses Williams, (who by-the-bye, can shake and sing *mezza voce* almost as well as herself,) the rest of the ladies that filled up the parts of *Il Flauto Magico* were below mediocrity. Nor does she play any character in which occurs a duo with a female vocalist, save "Norma;" and we all remember what an Adalgisa Madame Barone made.

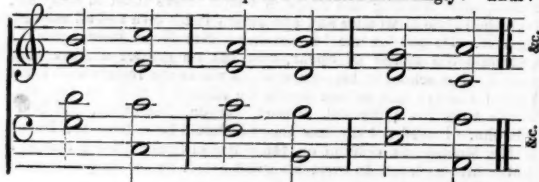
CADENCE AND SEQUENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In the recent controversy on cadence and sequence, I find myself placed in a somewhat negative position, and to relieve this, I will ask my friend Teutonius, and with every possible respect and deference, too—Are not cadences sequences, when sequentially used? which they are in Mr. Flower's tables, and in Vogler's, I opine.



Would not this become a sequence if treated accordingly? Thus:



In my last communication, I wrote as if impressed with the conviction that my excellent friend, Mr. Barnett, was of the Hebrew persuasion. In a note received within the last few days, Mr. Barnett disclaims this, but agrees with me in thinking, "that were he of that mode of faith, there would be no disgrace in being of the same faith as a Mendelssohn, a Rossini, a Meyerbeer, a Garcia, a Pasta, a Malibran,

a D'Israeli, and a hundred of others in their various ways highly organized."

Believing that I but fulfil a duty I owe to myself and to your excellent and valuable journal, in the above, and I may say, also to Mr. Barnett and Mr. Flowers, I am ever yours obliged,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

[Out of the seven named, the first, second, and last only belong, or did belong, to the Hebrew persuasion.—ED. M. W.]

THE FINAL CLOSE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Again I trouble you with a few lines, which shall be the last I ever intend to write in your publication. Having only had one object in view, and that one to separate truth from error, I think I may fairly bid adieu to those who have not maintained truth in its integrity. I do not envy them of their triumph in making out that sequence and cadence are "*similar*," nor dispute the ingenuity of the compact; the compact being to deprive Mr. Flowers of his system of cadences, which is, as all must say, very gentlemanly behaviour! Teutonius pleads *innocence* as to the distinction between sequence and cadence, and as innocently defends his "*friend Aspull*." What amiable friendship must subsist between them, whenever in such causes they can agree!

In taking my leave, Mr. Editor, I must candidly assert, that I would not have come forward (for I gain nothing by it) had Mr. Flowers been guilty of one meanness;—but sir, he has not, and he being a British musician much esteemed abroad, he is entitled to have his meed of praise at home. If his theoretical principles are not those which are taught in England, it is no reason why he should be treated with unkindness. He must find it a difficult task to stem the torrent that is against him; but in justice to his decided love of art, perseverance, and success in fugue writing, he has made himself worthy of the support of every admirer of that school, which you, sir, are foremost in extolling in this country. I regret that the frankness of my last letter gave you offence; I was not conscious of having caught up the style of those who say "ugly things," but in this I shall err no more, and am, sir, yours obliged,

AN ORGANIST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIDDE JETTY TREFFZ will sing at the next Philharmonic Concert, on Monday evening. On Tuesday, the accomplished Viennese is engaged to sing at Her Majesty's Concert, in the Palace.

SCHULLHOFF, the celebrated pianist and composer, has arrived in town for the season.

ERNEST played his *Airs Hongrois*, at the last meeting of the Melodists, on Thursday evening, with immense *éclat*; the great violinist was accompanied by Benedict on the piano, who also played Hummel's grand pianoforte duet, in A flat, with Mr. Osborne, in first-rate style.

M. JULES DE GLIMES, the able professor of singing and popular conductor, has arrived in London for the season.

MORTIER DE FONTAINE, a pianist of considerable note from Brussels, has arrived in London.

MR. CHARLES WHITNEY, (from the United States) the well-known Lecturer and Personator, intends giving several personations of the most celebrated American orators, in four lectures at Willis's Rooms.

OPERA COMIQUE, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Herold's *Le Pré aux clercs*, will be produced for the first time in this country, at the St. James's Theatre, with the entire strength of the company, on Wednesday evening next. There is every reason to believe that Her Majesty will honor the first performance of this popular opera with her presence.

MR. W. H. SEGUIN, who has been suffering from severe illness, is, we are glad to say, much improved in health, and will shortly be enabled to resume his professional duties in town.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is rumoured that Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged and will appear as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. M. Massol will be the William, it being one of the popular barytone's most celebrated parts.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.—There are two or three errors that have crept into the report under this head, in last week's *Musical World*, that certainly ought to be corrected. It is only fair to Signora Vera to say what was intended, which was, that she did not seem in good voice, and that her choice of Mozart's song was not a good one. We cannot imagine how the *not* has in each case been omitted. Then, in speaking of her second song, we are made to call it Rossini's instead of Pacini's. Our rising violoncellist, Mr. Thorley, is twice called Mr. Thornley. The second violin, Mr. Conran, is spoken of as Mr. Connor.—(From our Correspondent.)

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—The last concert (the twenty-second) was for the benefit of Mr. Willy, the musical director, and we are gratified in reporting that the Hall was exceedingly full. The selection was from *Fidelio*. It included the overture in *O (Leonora)*, the first of the four Beethoven wrote for the opera. Mr. Willy's band played the overture in a most effective manner. The vocalists in the selection from the opera were, the Misses Williams, and Messrs. T. Williams and Whitworth. Mr. Willy and Miss E. Day played De Beriot and Osborne's duet for violin and pianoforte, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the "Adelaide" with his usual delicacy and tenderness, alternated with the most passionate feeling, and was encored. Miss Dolby introduced Mozart's "Ah desio," which she interpreted with the most pleasing expression, as also Holmes's charming new ballad, the "Flower Girl." Mr. Whitworth received an encore in the "Piff, paff," song from the *Huguenots*. We must not forget the Misses Williams, whose voices blended in the most captivating manner in a duo of Donizetti's. Mr. Sims Reeves created a great sensation in a MS. canzonet, written by Lovell Phillips, with words by Mr. Charles Jeffreys. The canzonet is called "Evening," and is a very elegant and graceful composition, having a melody at once striking and novel, with accompaniments which exhibit the skill of a refined and accomplished musician. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the canzonet most delightfully, and the horn *obligato* was played by Jarrett with admirable skill and taste. Two other overtures besides the *Leonora* were executed; viz., the *Gazza Ladra* and *Oberon*. Both were capitally played, more especially the last-named. In the second part Miss Dolby sang "Terence's farewell," the quintessence of ballad singing; Sims Reeves was encored in "O, Nanny," Mr. Whitworth gave Loder's "Brave old oak," and Miss Poole the "Cavalier." In addition, Miss Lucombe sang "Lo! hear the gentle lark," with flute *obligato* by Mr. Carter; and Sims Reeves the "Death of Nelson." Both performances were deservedly applauded. Mr. Willy performed Kalliwoda's *Air Varié* for the violin. This was a singularly fine performance, and exhibited Mr. Willy's strength and purity of tone and executive capability in the most favourable light. The air was rendered with the utmost delicacy and the most unerring taste, while the variations were dashed off in the most brilliant style possible. At the end the Hall resounded with applause.—The directors have announced that Herr Pischek, the celebrated German barytone, is engaged, and will make his appearance at the next concert (the last), being for the benefit of Mr. Stammers.

MR. AND MISS ELLEN DAY'S second *matinée musicale* took place on Thursday morning, and was highly creditable to the *beneficiaires*. Miss Ellen Day played the first movement of a sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven), first movement of sonata in A flat (Weber), Sonata Pathétique (Beethoven), Rondo Piacevole (Bennett), and the Septuor of Rousselot. We should have preferred hearing Beethoven's first grand sonata (that to Kreutzsa) instead of having portions of works given us. The concert was announced as a classical concert, and much good taste was displayed in the selection of pieces, we were, therefore, the more sorry to notice the mutilation of a great work. However, Miss Ellen Day played admirably, and is one of our best pianists. In Beethoven's sonata she was well supported by her brother, Mr. John Day, who distinguished himself also in Haydn's quartet, No. 81. Rousselot's clever septuor was greatly applauded—the executants were Miss Ellen Day, pianoforte, Mr. John Day, violin, M. Rousselot, violoncello, Mr. Howell, contra basso, Mr. Nicholson, oboe, Mr. Jarrett, horn, and Mr. Bauman, fagotto. The vocalists were Miss A. Hill, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. Calkin. Mr. Lavenue conducted.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.—The second of a series of three evening concerts took place at this institution on Monday. The programme contained some of the most popular pieces, which were well sung and played by the artists engaged. The concert commenced with a quartet by Haydn, played by Herr Goffrie, Herr J. Schmidt, Herr Gauz, and Mr. G. Collins. Miss Wallace sang, "With verdure clad," charmingly, and was greatly applauded. She sang in the second part one of Lachner's songs, ("Oh, happy is the little bird," "Das Waldooglein,") with horn *obligato*, Mr. Jarrett, who played with his usual taste and feeling. Miss Bassano was encored in a ballad, by Knight. G. Collins gave a solo on the violoncello. He produces an excellent tone from his instrument, and performs a variety of curious feats. His solo was unanimously re-demanded. Mde. Goffrie gave a solo, by Schulhoff, and a solo by Dreischock. The first was the best. We have never heard her to greater advantage than on this occasion. She plays *cantabile* movements with refined taste. A solo on the violin, by Herr Goffrie, was warmly applauded. He is an accomplished artist. Miss Messent, Mr. Mecca, and Herr Herrman's songs were also favourably received. Mr. Lavenue conducted.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S first essay in a monologue entertainment took place on Monday evening, in the small room, at Willis's, St. James's, and was listened to by a most crowded and fashionable audience. The popular comic vocalist has departed from his old field of amusement, and entered upon a new walk, wherein, if we may judge from his triumphant success on Monday, he is doomed to reap greener laurels than he was wont in concerts, in which he was only a small partaker, not the sole entertainer. Mr. John Parry's talents, as everybody knows, or ought to know, are multifarious; pity it were then, if Mr. John Parry's multifarious talents should be concealed in the interpretation of a comic song, which, however well written and happily contrived, must restrict a singer to one particular imitative display. The new entertainment is written by facetious and universal Albert Smith, and abounds with humour and knowledge of his particular vein. No one who heard it could fail to recognise the author, that is, provided he had read any of his works previously. No writer can treat of the humors and mishaps of a Pic-nic, or Gipsy-party, like Albert Smith. No writer in description, is so devoted to Quadrille-parties, the Post-horn, Sherry-cobbler, and the Olga waltz. No writer can pourtray a flirtation or a card-table with more minute observation. In short, no writer can write about mixed things of a popular nature, to please and amuse the public in the same style. Mr. Albert Smith entitles his new entertainment "Lights and Shadows of Social Life." It is a brisk, amusing *olio*, containing anecdotes of domestic life and public life, interspersed, as a matter of course, with songs. Some of the stories told by Mr. Parry were exceedingly laughable, especially that about Major Johnson, and the Troublesome Gentleman travelling in a diligence. The description of the street band, or "Waits," playing "Then you'll remember me," with three performers, one being a trombone with only three bass notes, excited roars of laughter. The rehearsal of an Operetta was also good; but we have heard Mr. John Parry do something in the same way before. The Pic-nic party was capital; but the serious story which followed, touching the misfortunes of a Swiss maiden and her lover, who were lost in a snow storm, was rather slow; although Mr. John Parry's excellent imitation of a storm on the piano, was loudly applauded. The quadrille party, in which Mr. Parry introduced a duet for soprano and ophicleide, wound up the entertainment in first-rate style. The ophicleide, for that giant of instruments, was only simulated on the present occasion, was personified by a huge roll of Bristol board, into which Mr. Parry sang, and produced tones so like the huge prototype, that the hearers screamed with laughter. At the close of the performance, Mr. John Parry was much applauded. The next "Social Entertainment" is announced for May 7th.

HERR STRAUSS' CONCERTS.—The Hanover Rooms were visited by a large concourse of people on Monday evening, to hear the performances of Herr Strauss' celebrated band. Strauss, as everybody knows, is a composer well known in the dancing world as the most fanciful waltz-writer of his day. Herr Strauss is also a conductor of eminence, and in Germany organised a band of instrumentalists which has gained great reputation. This band he has brought to London, and submitted their performance to an English audience for the first time on Monday. The *corps* number thirty-two, the brass and wood preponderating over the stringed instruments. The concert commenced with Wallace's overture to *Maritana*, which seemed to us to go remarkably well. The performers go admirably together, and are evidently well trained to their work. The *pianos* and *fortes* were nicely observed, and the minutest direction of the baton obeyed. It was, however, in the quadrilles and waltzes that the band exhibited its real strength. Nothing of the kind could be better. There is a crispness about Mr. Strauss's band which is excellently adapted to quadrilles, waltzes, and music of that kind, and which will always find ardent admirers. The applause on Monday night was quite enthusiastic after the performance of various pieces. Several encores took place of waltzes and polkas. Selections from the *Bohemian Girl* and *Masaniello* were given, and passed off with immense *éclat*. The overture to *Leonora* was played, but did not produce a great effect. The wind instruments are too few for the band to interpret a large work with sufficient power and a *plomb*. The concert was, however, highly successful, and the performance of Herr Strauss's band will form a very pleasing novelty in the entertainments of the season.

COMMERCIAL HALL.—A concert was given at this institution on Wednesday, April 18th, and was well attended. The vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss Wallace, Miss Messent, and the Misses Pyne, Mr. Mecca, and Mr. Frank Borda. Instrumentalists, Madame Goffrie, Pianoforte; and Herr Gotherie, violin.

ALBION HALL, HAMMERSMITH.—A concert will be given at this popular place of entertainment, on Monday next, by Mr. and Mrs. N. Farrer.

HITCHIN.—A Concert was given in this town by F. C. Walker, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., and was attended by many of the principal families of the town and neighbourhood. Miss Ellen Lyon was encored in "Gin a body meet a body." H. Pearsall was very successful in the "Death of Nelson;" and Signor Happe gained considerable applause in "Largo al factotum." "Vade si via di qua" and a duet with Miss Lyon. Barnett's beautiful trio "This magic-wove scarf" was exceedingly well executed. This trio, one of the gems of the *Mountain Sylph*, never, even when abstracted from the opera, where it is so essentially dramatic, fails to interest. Mr. Walker presided at the pianoforte.

NEWARK.—Miss Cobb gave a concert here on Wednesday evening, April 18, which, though not so well attended, went off very successfully. Amongst the principal features of the entertainment were Miss Cobb's two songs, "Lo! hear the gentle lark," and Linley's "Swiss Girl," both of which were given with great taste. The flute *obligato* in the former was admirably rendered by Mr. H. Nicholson, who also performed a solo of Richardson's in his usual brilliant manner. The other vocalists were Messrs. Wykes, Roulett, and Brown; and solos were also very effectively performed by Master Weston (violin) and Mr. Adeock (clarionet).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Two performances of *Elijah* have taken place this week, on Monday, and on Friday. Misses A. and M. Williams, Dolby, and Byers, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Machin, Peck, and A. Novello, were the vocalists. The execution, under M. Costa's direction, was, on both occasions, excellent, and crowded audiences attended.

MR. ALDRIDGE, for many years leader of the band at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, died last week almost suddenly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE. GERMAN OPERA.

Herr ROEDER, Director des Grossen Deutschen Oper zu Amsterdam, has the honor to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Musical Amateurs of London, that he has engaged the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, for a Series of TWELVE REPRESENTATIONS, with the intention of submitting to their judgment, in the original text, new GERMAN OPERAS, which have not been performed in England, together with the chefs-d'œuvres of the classical German authors. HERR ROEDER, in bringing over his whole troupe from Amsterdam to this city, could but imagine that a company which is considered excellent abroad would only be thought moderate in London, where all the greatest artists of Europe are yearly assembled. He has therefore availed himself of the present unsettled state of Germany to add to his usual company all the most celebrated singers from the various German capitals, feeling confident that those names which have already obtained so much public favour in London, added to his troupe, which, besides singers, embraces an orchestra and chorus, each consisting of sixty performers, cannot fail to ensure the success of his undertaking. Amongst the principal performers are the following:—

FRAU PALMSPATZER,
Erste Sängerin vom Hoftheater zu Stuttgart.
FRAULEIN BERTHA RICHTER VOM ILSENAU,
Erste Sängerin vom Deutschen Oper zu Amsterdam.
FRAU MARLOW,
Erste Jugendlche Sängerin, vom Hoftheater zu Darmstadt.
HERR REER,
Erster Tenor, vom Hoftheater zu Coburg.
HERR BECK,
Erster Baritonist, vom National Theater zu Pesth.
HERR CARL FORMES,
Erster Bassist, vom Hoftheater zu Wien.
HERR FISCHER,
Who created such an immense sensation two years since in London, at the concerts of Her Majesty, the Philharmonic Society, &c., and who will on this occasion make his first appearance on the stage in England.
HERR ROEDER

Will give Twelve Representations in London, after which he will leave with his whole troupe to perform at Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool. Amongst the new Operas to be performed are the following, viz., Kreutzer's "Nachtlager," "Der Czar und Zimmerman;" Lindpaintner's "Lichtenstein;" &c. The repertoire also includes Weber's "Euryanthe," Spohr's "Faust," Mozart's "Don Juan," Weber's "Freischütz," &c. The Twelve Representations will commence on MONDAY, May 7, and will finish on the 4th of June. Nights of performance, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

The Prices of Admission will be as follow, viz.,—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 3s. Subscriptions for Private Boxes and Stalls for the Twelve Nights can be arranged at Julien's and Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, where every information may be obtained.

MUSICAL UNION,

WILLIS'S ROOMS, TUESDAY, MAY 1st, at Half-past Three o'clock.

Ernst will perform with Delloffe, Tolbecque, Piatti, and Halle. Quartet, No. 5, E flat, Mendelssohn; Sonata, in G, Op. 95; Piano and Violin, and Quartet, No. 8, E minor, Beethoven. Single admission, Half-a-guinea, to be had at CRAMER and Co's, 201, Regent Street. Members can pay for visitors at the Rooms, 63, Welbeck Street. No artist can be admitted without tickets.

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Will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

On MONDAY Evening, April 30th.

PROGRAMME.—Sinfonia, letter T. Haydn—Concerto in D minor, Pianoforte, Mr. ANDERSON, *Mendelssohn*—Overture, (Euryanthe) Weber—Sinfonia, No. 8, Beethoven—Concertino, Violin, Mr. H. BLAGROVE, *Mayer*—Overture, (Faust) Lindpaintner. Vocal Performers—Mlle. DE TREFFZ and Miss BASSANO. Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), APRIL 28th,
will be presented DONIZETTI's Opera, entitled

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Lucia,	Madlle. JENNY LIND.
Edgar,	Signor GARDONI.
Arturo,	Signor BARTOLINI.
Bidebent,	Signor ARNOLDI.
Enrico,	AND Signor COLETTI.

To conclude with a DIVERTISSEMENT from the admired Ballet,

LE DIABLE A QUATRE.

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Madlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. MARIE TAGLIONI,
Mdles. Julien and Lamoureux; MM. Charles, Dor,
and Paul Taglioni.

The admired Tenor, Signor CALZOLARI, whose appearance was hailed with enthusiasm, will appear again as soon as other arrangements will allow. The highly successful New Grand Ballet, "Electra, or the Lost Pleiad," will be repeated on TUESDAY NEXT.

Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock: the Opera to commence at Eight. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box Office of the Theatre, where Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual, price 10s. 6d. each. The Free List is suspended (the Public Press excepted.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND.

The Nobility, Patrons of the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

Will take place

On THURSDAY NEXT, the 3rd of May, 1849,

When will be presented DONIZETTI's Opera,

LA FILGIA DEL RECCIMENTO.

Maria	Madlle. JENNY LIND,
Sulpizio Sergente	Sign. F. LABLACHE,
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With various entertainments in the

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and Madlle. CAROLINA ROSATI,

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LE PANIER FLEURI.

Beauvoil, hussard, M. COUDERC.

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Boxes, 6s. PIT, 3s. AMPHITHEATRE, 2s.

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COVENT



GARDEN.

On Tuesday next will be performed, for the first time this Season, DONIZETTI's Opera,

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

By Madame GRISI,

Mademoiselle ANGRI, (her first appearance in this character),
Sig. TAMBURINI, Sig. LAVIA, Sig. POLONINI,
Sig. TAGLIAFICO, AND Sig. MARIO.

On Thursday next, May 3rd, a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT, On which occasion will be performed, for the first time this Season, BELLINI's Opera,

NORMA.

Madame GRISI, (her first appearance in that character this Season),
Madlle. CORBARI, Sig. SALVI, and Sig. MARINI.

To conclude with the First Act of

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

By Madlle. ANGRI, Sig. SALVI, Sig. RONCONI,
Sig. POLONINI, and Sig. TAGLIAFICO.

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

On Saturday next, May 5th, will be produced, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, MEYERBEER's Grand Opera,

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

With entirely new Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments.

This great work has been many weeks in preparation, and will be produced with every possible splendour and completeness.

GRAND MORNING CONCERT.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

On Monday, May 7th, on which occasion will be performed ROSSINI's "STABAT MATER," Mendelssohn's "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," and a Selection of the most favourite vocal pieces from "DON PASQUALE," "SEMIRAMIDE," "IL BARBIERE," and other popular Operas.
Madame GRISI, Miss CATHERINE HAYES, Madame DORUS GRAS, Madame RONCONI, Madlle. CORBARI, Madlle. DE MERIC, and Madlle. ANGRI; Signori MARIO, SALVI, LAVIA, TAMBURINI, RONCONI, MASSOL, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, and MARINI, with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, &c., &c.

Conductor M. COSTA.

EXETER HALL.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The Directors of the London Wednesday Concerts beg leave to announce that the

LAST CONCERT

Of the Season will be held on the evening of WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 2nd, and will be for the

BENEFIT OF MR. STANNERS.

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Among others will appear the following distinguished artists:—

Misses Dolby, Lucombe, A. Williams, M. Williams, A. Taylor, Messent, and Poole;

Messrs. Weiss, Whitworth, Bings, Williams, Noble, V. Collins, G. Collins, Harper, Herr Pischek, (his first appearance at Exeter Hall), AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

Upon this occasion the whole of the music will be selected from the works of English musicians, with the exception of Herr Pischek's songs.

Tickets 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s.; may be had of all Music-sellers; and of Mr. STANNERS, 4, Exeter Hall, where a Plan of the Hall may be seen.

TWO NEW SONGS.

Music by T. A. OWEN.

No. 1.—"THE FAREWELL." (Poetry by Byron).

" 2.—"OVER DESERT PLAINS."

Published by SCHOTT and CO., Foreign Music Depot,
89, St. James's Street.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday April 28th, 1849.